

The DOOM TRAIL

—By—
Arthur D. Howden Smith

Author of
PORTO BELLO GOLD, Etc.

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WNU Service

CHAPTER X—Continued

The yelling in the wood increased in volume as the False Faces followed the course we had taken by broken branches and footprints in the pine-needles. A misshapen figure with the head of some fabled beast squatted into the trail and galloped around, nose to ground like a hound seeking a lost scent. In a moment the ugly head was lifted, and a howl of satisfaction greeted the other monstrous shapes which joined it. The whole pack gave tongue and vanished up the trail after Marjory.

Ta-wan-nears waited to give the stragglers time to appear, then rose and led the way along the bed of the stream westward.

We walked in the water for more than a mile, when the stream turned to the north and we stepped out upon a rock and dressed. Afterward we caught the overhanging bough of a tree and swung ourselves onto dry ground above the bank, never leaving a trace of our course up to that time. From this point we traveled on through the forest, pursuing no settled path, but holding to the westward in the direction of Oswego on the shore of the Cadaracul lake.

We did not stop until after midday. Ta-wan-nears knocked over a wild turkey with his tomahawk, kindled a fire of dry sticks and broiled the juicy bird before the coals. He insisted that I should sleep first, promising to arouse me at the end of two hours—he reckoned time, I should explain, by the declension of the sun. But when he finally did arouse me the sun was close to setting, and I saw by the sunken look of his eyes that he had not slept during his watch.

"Why did you not wake me?" I asked angrily.

"Ta-wan-nears had no wish for sleep," he returned.

"Nonsense," I retorted. "You cannot go indefinitely without rest."

"I and my thoughts for company," he said simply. "They are not happy thoughts, brother. They would not let me sleep. Your search is ended, brother."

"What do you mean?"

"The soul you sought has been found. It is no longer sick."

"Mayhap," I agreed, "but none the less 'tis out of reach and in great danger."

"We shall save it," he encouraged me. "Ta-wan-nears knows. We must wait. The time will come."

He refused again to sleep, and we ate the remainder of the turkey—our hunger was prodigious—and pushed on, traveling most of the night. Not once did we see a trace of the Keepers, and when we halted Ta-wan-nears said that we were on the marches of the hunting grounds of the Mo-hawks.

In the late morning we killed a rabbit, broiled and ate it and tramped the virgin forest until long past sunset. The following afternoon we caught our first view of the inland sea from a height of land, and the next morning we sighted the stockade of Oswego, the fort which Governor Burnet had established on the shores of the lake in his effort to divert the far-western fur trade from the French posts.

The gate was closed, but as we approached it opened, and an enormous, pot-bellied figure in buckskin and furs came sauntering out to meet us.

"Ja, hi is you," Corlier hailed us. "What has happened? I have come here to scout der Doom Trail and learn how you died—and you are alive!"

So we told him, whilst the lieutenant in command of the post and his garrison of twenty lusty frontiersmen gathered in a knot to listen over each other's shoulders.

"By—budd," expostulated Peter, "you have been in La Verge du Bois!"

"True."

"But nobody has ever been in La Verge du Bois—"

"And come out alive," I amended, "I fear many poor souls have been sacrificed by these fiendish priests."

Peter insisted upon our repeating the tale with all details, and I believe he would have required a third audience had it not been for the interruption which came during the afternoon.

We were sitting in the commandant's quarters on the upper floor of the blockhouse when the sentries on the stockade announced a large fleet of canoes approaching from the west. The lieutenant promptly bellowed orders to get out the trade goods, and prepared for an impressive reception of the savages, deeming them emissaries of some tribe come to exchange their furs for each of the winter.

But the leading canoes held on past the fort, and none of those which followed gave indication of intent to steer ashore.

"Have you a canoe?" asked Corlier of the bewildered lieutenant. "Ja! Well, my friends and I will go and ask what this means."

We launched the canoe from the water-edge, and with Peter and Ta-wan-nears at the paddles, sped out into the lake. Some distance from shore we overhauled the rear squad row of the fleet, every canoe loaded deep with packages of furs.

"Ho, brothers," called Ta-wan-nears. "The chief of the English fort, who commands here in the name of

Ga-en-gya-ra-go, invites you to come ashore and trade with him."

Up stood a large, stout man with lanky black hair, dressed in the uniform of the French marine troops, who had been ensconced behind a bale of furs.

"Ha, 'tis my friend from Arles," he shouted, "and his companion, the noble war chief! So the Keepers did not keep you?"

"No, Monsieur de Joncaire," I replied. "We are still alive to plague you."

"Ventre St. Remi, 'tis not sorry I am! Try it again, my lad. Only try it again!"

"And what are you doing with these people?"

He roared with laughter. "No more than shepherding them past the temptations of the English."

Ta-wan-nears called again to the Indians in the canoes.

"Come ashore, brothers. We have rich goods to trade with you."

"We do not need to trade with the English," a voice replied. "We are glad we can trade with our fathers."

By der blasted puce—a goodly pile beyond der other side," whispered Peter as he waded into the water.

"You are sure you can stay afloat so long?" I asked with some misgiving.

"Ja," he said scornfully. "When you hear a noise like a fish rising three times, that is Peter."

He settled knife and tomahawk against either thigh, slung a spare flask of powder beside them, snuck forward to his chin and began to cleave the water with powerful, overhead strokes.

"We must hurry, brother," admonished Ta-wan-nears.

He started off at right angles with the path we had been following, and we fetched a circle around the group of furs coming ultimately to a high point above the shore half a mile beyond them. Here we rested, both because our weariness was very great and because we desired to witness Peter's exploit, and, if need be, be prepared to aid him.

It was past midnight, and the fires had burned low and the brandy drinkers soaked themselves stupid. Not a sound came to us, except for the calling of a wolf from the heavy timber ashore and the croaking of water-birds.

"Twas Ta-wan-nears' eagle vision which saw the danger signal. He gripped my arm."

"Look, brother," he hissed.

I looked, and a flame spurted upward between the fires and the water. There was a sharp explosion. A long plume of smoke, and then a chorus of excited yells rose, dropped and was sustained.

We listened for ten minutes, and whilst the yelling continued, with intermittent shooting, there was nothing to indicate triumph or satisfaction. In the meantime the flames which Peter had kindled, after flourishing grandly, gradually died out as the awakened savages removed those canoes which had not caught fire and threw water on such as were only smoldering.

Half an hour passed uneventfully. Then the steady lapping of the water against the beach was disturbed by the splash of fish scales in rising. It was repeated twice. Ta-wan-nears leaned over and splashed the water twice with his hand. A grunt boomed out of the darkness. Ripples spread in a widening circle, and a huge form leaped noiselessly ashore, ignoring our helping hands.

"Oof, twas a goodly joke on Joncaire," muttered Peter. "Some canoe I smash with der ax and some I blow up with der powder and more are burned. Where are my clothes? I am soaked like der muskrat!"

"You were long in coming," said Ta-wan-nears. "My brother is not hurt?"

"Neh, neh. Oof, what a swim! I tell you I have bubbles under my skin! Ja!"

"Did you damage them much?" I asked eagerly.

Peter suspended the operation of struggling into his shirt and chuckled shrilly.

"I would give much to see der face of that Joncaire when he counts his canoes and der fur packs he has left. Twice now we get der joke on him."

Yet as he was, with the water dripping from his lank hair, he insisted upon quitting that dangerous locality at once. We tramped across country until the sun was high, and we stumbled upon an isolated family of Onondagas, who made us free of their gar-nose.

wan-nears deliberately. "If it succeeds it will set back the plans of Ontario and Murray."

"And if it does not, then you tell der governor Peter Corlier tried once too often to get der joke back on Joncaire."

With which sage comment, Peter took himself off to arrange with the post commandant for drawing certain supplies we should require for this new expedition.

Two hours later an express left Oswego with dispatches for Governor Burnet, describing the situation at Niagara and our experiences at La Verge du Bois, as well as the passage of Joncaire's army of furs, the greatest haul which had so far been made by either country that year on the frontier. Before the gate was slammed shut again we three slipped out and waved good-bye to the garrison on the walls.

Our advance was cautious, and we parted company with Corlier in some bushes, whence we could distinguish figures dancing around the flames and hear the distant yells of the guests of Joncaire as they caroused on his brandy. The Dutchman stripped to his belt. Ta-wan-nears relieved him of his musket, powder horn and bullet pouch, and I shouldered his clothes and pack.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THEIR WAYSIDE FRIENDS

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

"SOME one has taken the little white house, Ted. I could hardly pass this morning for the moving van in front of it, and the children! There must be a dozen, or else they are the here-and-there kind that multiply themselves! And there was a dog that tried to chase my car off the street. Oh, Chester street will be lively enough now. I'm glad they don't live next door. Two blocks off is as close as I want that dog."

Lora Minton added an extra spoon of whipped cream to Ted's lump-o-joy pudding. She saw a teasing laugh threatening from the twinkle of his eye. He knew her criticisms of old and she knew his delight in them.

"But I don't care, Ted," she went on. "That is the dearest little house and arranged so wonderfully inside. To have a family of harum-scarum youngsters tear it up, and after my dearest friend lived there, and was so happy so short a while. I wish some one lovable had come."

"Lovable? Aren't children that? I noticed as I came home tonight that they adore their father, at least. About five were meeting him at the corner and hanging on him wherever they could, all the way into the house."

"Healthy youngsters, but somehow a bit fussy-looking. Reminded me of what our bunch were like when mother had been away somewhere for a week. Maybe—"

Lora grew thoughtful. She hadn't seen anyone who could be identified as "mother" in the three or four times she had passed the house that day on marketing or shopping bent. Her interest in the place itself could be excused, too, since her nearest friend, Anne Saxton, had so briefly known the house as home before an untimely death. Lora had hoped that some one would come there who might in measure replace Anne. But this wild brood! And only a stout woman with "mild" stamped all over her was in evidence to rule the young mob. Perhaps there wasn't anyone else? Anyone but a father—helpless things, fathers!

Next morning when Lora drove her little car down the street as she went marketing she made a point of carefully surveying the "little white house."

A boy and girl of eight or so were availing on the gate. The girl's brown hair was pulled back until her eyes seemed drawn upward, but her face was clean. Too clean to be natural. The boy's blouse lacked a button and he had on one brown and one black shoe. Another child of indeterminate sex came whooping around the house followed by the offending dog of the day before. A last fleeting glance at the dwelling showed no two blinds raised to the same height—sure proof to Lora's mind that a hired hand was in charge.

"Even the day after one moves the shades are evened, if nothing else. And those poor children!"

"Wonder who they are, anyway? Maybe some of us can do something."

But no one seemed able to find out anything about the newcomers, except what the children volunteered in their excursions about the neighborhood. These were enough. Lora would say, after the new dog had chased her cat "Mittie" so far up the porch that it took a ladder and long coaxing to persuade Mittie that earth was safe for felines.

"Ted! Can't you speak to that gentleman about those awful children? The twins—Milly and Billy—broke the cellar window with their ball yesterday. And that little one, Bunny, they call her, came in with Mrs. Adams when she called here this afternoon, and Mrs. Adams thought she was some child I had adopted. She told Mrs. Adams she was going to live here, if you please. And I don't think Mrs. Adams altogether believed me when I said the little imp just played around our gate as if it were her own, although she lived two blocks down the street. I think Mrs. Adams thought I was ashamed of the child—some poor relation or something."

"Ted! Isn't there anything to do? And that housekeeper they have is so simple! Milly says 'daddy has to take what the agency sends 'cause nobody stays long at their kitchen.' I believe that!"

Lora looked hopefully at her husband. He could, sometimes, think of perfectly wonderful ways out of difficulties. And he just must do so now. The family in the "little white house" had failed to disrupt the neighborhood. Mrs. Neville mourned the loss of her best fern, trampled by Milly and Billy and their older and younger brothers and sister.

Mr. Parsons, who raised choice roses, vowed he would tan the hides of the little devils who destroyed a whole row of his best pens. Everybody had some grievance. And oddly enough, the worst day of the week for the "Terrors" was Sunday. Lora glared that it was because their name was Holliday. But Ted walked home from the station with Mr. Holliday a time or two, and after that always had a word of pity for the man.

"His wife's been dead two years, Lora. And he hasn't a relative to help him out. And hired maids—what are they? He says the kids are worse with him anyway, because he hates to

make them think him a bear—when they've nobody else.

"Let's pile them into the car next Sunday—all we can, and take them out to Aunt Meda's for the day. She's brought up five boys of her own, and on that big farm they can't hurt much. I think they need a chance to just break loose, if you ask me. The city's no place for a live kid. Gosh! Lora—what would I have done when I was ten if I'd had to play up and down a street—no swimming hole, no orchard—"

Lora remembered that about the orchard the next Sunday when they had safely deposited five scrambling Hollidays in Aunt Meda's back yard. That good lady did not seem alarmed at the avalanche, but Lora trembled. She hoped apple trees, peach trees, the barn itself, would be standing when night came. She could not understand the older lady's cheerful acceptance of Billy's falling from his first apple tree and Milly's decoration with a couple of bee stings. And the dinner the children ate would certainly kill them.

Yet night came, and all were well and drier. Mr. Holliday even had a relieved air and looked rested after a long talk with Aunt Meda in the grape arbor.

"You won't have so many passengers going home," smiled Aunt Meda, as Lora began to hunt for her motor coat.

"The two older boys and the twins will stay with me for a while. It was pitiful, Lora, to see how hungry they were for the things that are everyday here on the farm. Little Milly had a great bunch of weeds gathered to take home; she said they were lonesome, the 'flowers in the fence corner.' That's what she is, Lora. A flower in a fence corner, and she'll turn into a weed if somebody doesn't care for her."

"Come to think, the weeds, as we call them, were flowers until they were so neglected—until nobody cared for them."

"Trouble? Mercy! What are we here for, child?"

Lora thought hard about that last speech of Aunt Meda's. Thought all the way home, while the baby "Bunnie" slept in her lap. And when Ted stopped at the "little white house" to let Mr. Holliday alight with "Bunnie," Lora said with a bit of a catch in her voice:

"Teddy, dear—the baby is so sound asleep, we'd better take her on home with us. And—and—I wish you'd let me borrow her a lot. Mr. Holliday. She's too little to have nobody care. We could care a lot for her—Ted and I."

And Ted heartily agreed, with a glow at his heart for the kindness of his Lord for even a stray blossom.

Swallow Has No Peer as Master of Flight

The swallows and swifts may be said to be the only small birds in the gull division; and they have gifts very nearly peculiar to themselves. Their body and skeleton have been lightened by an elaborate apparatus of air sacs, as if nature were striving to produce a craft lighter than air, a tiny albatross.

This form of adaptation, common in some degree to many birds, has reached its highest development in the swallows, and, accompanied by a wing of considerable length and a tail that in both rudder and plane, it gives them an ease and grace quite their own.

They can glide so low as just to dip their wings in the cool water. They can turn and twist with a smoothness that hides the sharpness of the angle. The upper air or lower air is all the same to them. They are so conscious of their mastery that, tender though they are in body and mind and claw, they will chase and mob any enemy.

I have many times watched them compel the retreat of a cat by diving at him so close as, you would swear, to touch his ears. The cat did not so much as attempt to strike, and soon retired utterly cowed. We have all seen them mobbing birds of prey and curvetting round them, in repeated arcs, having no trouble to keep pace, though they travel many times the distance.

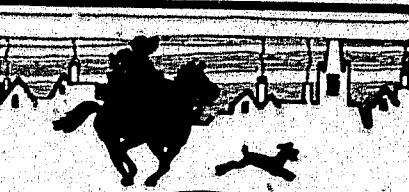
The point has been made by Oliver Wendell Holmes in a charming, if rather elaborate, metaphor, in which he compared their excursions with the thoughts of a nimble-witted listener to a slow preacher. He could wander pleasantly in this direction and that, yet be sure of keeping the thread of the preacher's journey when he might wish to return.—Sir W. Beach Thomas in the Atlantic Monthly.

Records Earth's Movement

The apparatus in the Academy of Sciences in Washington that illustrates the movement of the earth is a Foucault pendulum. Foucault, a French scientist, explained the fact of the rotation of the earth by hanging a heavy ball by a fine wire from the dome of the Pantheon in Paris. This pendulum was set swinging in a certain direction, but gradually the direction of the swing appeared to change, as indicated by marks made upon the floor. As no force whatever had acted upon the pendulum, it was evident that the whole earth was turning around.

Phases of Life

As the ice upon the mountain, when the warm breath of the summer sun breathes upon it, melts, and divides into drops, each of which reflects an image of the sun, so life, in the smile of God's love, divides itself into separate forms, each bearing in it and reflecting an image of God's love.—Longfellow.



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River Being Harnessed

The Isargo river, in Italy, is being taken from its bed near Brannanone and carried through a tunnel to within two miles of Bolzano, where it will be dropped 700 feet. The new electric station there will generate 220,000 horsepower, and its current will light the country as far south as Florence, 800 miles away. Two subsidiary stations in lateral valleys also will be constructed and the total horsepower of the district will be 315,000, or three-fifths of all the estimated hydro-electric potentialities of Scotland.

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Locusts Defied Artillery

Giant locusts have been invading the countryside in India, three different swarms having descended upon territory in the Bombay presidency, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. One "army" was 20 miles long and 30 yards wide. When the insects had settled, heavy gunfire was directed upon them, but did not dislodge them, and several fertile tracts were devastated. Another swarm was five miles long and half a mile wide.

Mr. Fiefield Saved From Constipation

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then another, and in a few days I was able to commence work. I am now 78, never have constipation troubles for I take Dr. True's Elixir."—J. J. Fiefield, Yarmouthville, Me.

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the French. They have plenty of goods to offer us. Ontario has sent word he will pay better than the English now."

"Hil, ha, ha," exploded Joncaire. "Ho, ho, ho! Mort de ma vie! Tonnerre de Dieu! 'Tis an odd world! Au revoir—and avoid the Keepers. Avoid the Keepers by all means. I am told they keep a strict watch upon the Doom Trail these days."

His paddlers dipped their blades, and his bellows of laughter were wafted back to us as his canoe followed the fur arkosy down the lake toward the French posts on the St. Lawrence—posts whose magazines were already beginning to swell with the life-blood of English trade which was pouring over the Doom Trail.

CHAPTER XI

We Meet Red Death and Black Death

HAVE THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS VALUE FOR US TODAY?

The following sermon was preached by Rev. Charles Easterhouse on Sunday morning, April 10.

Today we will consider the teachings of Jesus and I will particularly discuss Jesus' teachings in the light of our age and their value to our conduct of living.

In discussing Jesus or even his teachings, we must bear certain facts in mind which have a relative value to them. In reading this week several books, articles and pamphlets dealing with Jesus and his teachings I was rather amused with the many different attitudes towards Jesus, with so many different interpretations of the writer's teachings. In considering the value of Jesus' teachings for us today it doesn't seem to make any difference as to how Jesus came into this world or how he was born. It doesn't cut much figure if we believe him to be born of a virgin or of a God Father, or that he was very God by incarnation. These are matters only for the individual to decide. They are the product of man's imagination. Personally I don't believe that there was any supernaturalness about Jesus and to be sure Jesus made not much claim for himself. Let me quote some passages for you justifying my point of view: In Matthew he tells his disciples who asked him if he was the son of God by saying, "Ye also are the sons of God;" and when being asked by what special power he accomplished his miracles he answered, "Greater works than I do shall ye do." These words convince us that Jesus considered himself an ordinary human being like you and me and he also put aside the thought of possessing any supernatural powers. But whatever our personal opinion is regarding these questions they do not bear any importance in our discussions as to Jesus' teachings and their relative value in our age.

However, there are some matters which we should consider in our understanding of Jesus and his teachings. First of these is that we must remember that Jesus left no written record behind from his own pen. He did not write down any of his speeches neither did he have a private stenographer or secretary do it for him. All that we know about Jesus, all the records which have come down to us were not written by Jesus own hand but by some of his followers. Then the earliest records coming to us from that age were written almost two generations after Jesus' death. Of course taking this in consideration we realize, do we not, that it is very difficult to get a correct and precise account of what Jesus really did say. Then of course those written documents appearing such a long time after Jesus' death were richly flavored by the various authors. Then again Jesus as far as we know only spoke one language, the Aramaic, while all of the early documents were written in the Greek language of the time, not the classical Greek of Homer and the poets but the commercial Greek of the early Christian centuries. It goes without saying that these Greek documents were not always correct in the translation of Jesus' thoughts. Anyone who has studied a foreign language knows that by translation of a certain document from one language into another it is almost impossible to get exactly the same meaning in every detail of the work. Then of course to translate someone's thoughts 20 years after the death of such a person into an entirely different language must be most difficult of all and it seems quite sure that the real words spoken by the Master with these that were supposed to have come from his lips might easily vary considerably. It is these two factors which we must clearly keep in our minds in our discussions of Jesus and his teachings.

Then there is another important fact to be considered, namely this: that the world in which Jesus lived was quite a different world from that in which we live. There were some parallel conditions to be sure but on a whole it was altogether a different world. It was a great commercial world like ours, and materialism ran at its height among the gods of disintegration. It was the time when the Roman Empire was at its height, but there always was a great deal of immorality, marriage bonds were loose and religion had become a yoke. There was a total loss of spiritual and moral responsibility which would crumble down this mighty empire. Considering these facts our world is not so much different, in matter of fact here is it where we must closely resemble ancient Rome. We surely have conquered all the evils and sins of that generation. However, science had progressed very little, there was not modern industry and the present capitalistic system under which we live was not even being thought of. The Roman world practically resembling the Mediterranean countries, the Near East and Northern Europe were only just being discovered. It was a small world that was known to these people in that day as compared with ours, more we become conscious of God

The customs, traditions and mode of living of Jesus' time differed greatly with those of our age.

If that world in which Jesus lived was so much different than ours, if conditions, traditions and customs varied so greatly perhaps the question might be raised whether or not Jesus' teachings are practical in our age. Are his words to be taken seriously and can they be applied to our everyday conduct. Of course if Jesus has laid down a code of laws, if he has left behind a stated philosophy of life, if he had formulated a hard held social programme, if he had given us certain creeds and dogmas to accept, there is no question in my mind that Jesus' teachings would not be adequate for us today, that they could not serve us in our day. Laws might meet the needs of the people for today, but new laws are constantly enacted, perhaps not always wisely, and old laws thereby become ineffective. A certain philosophy of life might be perfectly agreeable to us today but tomorrow like a new garment it becomes worn out and unusable. A certain social programme might meet all the needs of the present but the new conditions arise and of the experience of human life create new needs which make our social programme of yesterday valueless. Creeds and dogmas and doctrines might satisfy man's search for truth at one time but at another they become too exclusive and no longer satisfy the searching soul after truth and righteousness. It is all part of the progress of life.

But Jesus did no such thing, he formulated no code of laws, he had not set social programme to offer, he did not leave any definite philosophy of life for his followers to follow, he did not make any creeds or dogmas for us to accept, he followed no particular sets of customs, and traditions on the contrary he hated traditionalism and conformity, he broke away from the laws of his fathers, he did not accept the philosophy of life of his day. He became an outcast and revolutionist on account of it.

What then did this man Jesus do, what did he leave so that we can follow him? He really brought no new message into the world but he emphasized certain general ideals and visions which are necessary to glorify life. It is these spiritual, ethical and moral ideals which have remained even in his upward struggle for truth and righteousness and justice.

First of all Jesus' interpretation of God was a new revelation of human mind. Jesus taught God in the terms of the Fatherhood thereby emphasizing the brotherhood of man and bringing out our responsibility towards our fellowman. "Ye have heard that it was said to them of old time love your father and mother and brother but I say unto you love your enemies." It was this thought of God in man and man as God which lifted man from the realization of the animal to the human. Jesus did not say very definitely how we should think of God or how we should worship him, but he told the Samaritan woman that the time would come that people would neither worship God in the mountains of Galilee nor in Jerusalem but that people would worship the Father in spirit and in truth. To Jesus God could be found everywhere, walking with his disciples through the fields of Judea he called their attention to the lilies of the field, how they grow, they saw not, neither do they spy, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

And, Jesus taught the meaning and necessity of self sacrifice for the glory of God and the service of man. The whole life of Jesus was the most intricate demonstration of a complete self-sacrifice to the noblest ends of life. Jesus not only preached the necessity of service but he practiced what he preached. He did not teach sacrifice in negatives but his conduct of life was a practical demonstration of the sentiment of his heart.

And, his teachings embody charity and patience. He showed unlimited mercy toward the sinner. How beautiful his parable of the adulterous woman who according to the strict interpretation of the law was condemned to be stoned, but Jesus turned around with the words, "Who of you is without sin, cast the first stone." O, it is so easy for the self appointed judges to condemn others who break the laws but how many of us realize our own sins. Usually people who are most open to criticism themselves are the most impatient with the defects of others. On the other hand those of us who are trying the hardest to overcome our own difficulties and shortcomings will be more considerate of others.

I might mention many other factors in the teachings of Jesus but these three seem to be the most universal and constructive elements in the programme of Jesus. It doesn't seem necessary for me to ask whether they are of value to us in our age, it is too evident that if we could engrain them in our philosophy of life we would be living in a different world. The thought of God and the brotherhood of man surely are the fundamental thoughts underlying the progress of race. The more we become conscious of God

EAST BETHEL

East Bethel Grange Hall is being reshingled this week, patrons doing the work, assisted by D. W. Kimball.

Miss Iva Bartlett is at home from Gould Academy with a severely injured knee caused by a bad fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Bickford of Bowdoinham, Me., were week end guests of their daughter, Mrs. Robert D. Hastings, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Swan and Miss Ruth are this week's guests of relatives and friends in Waltham and other places in Massachusetts, going by automobile.

Miss Esther Holt was at home from Gould Academy over the week end. Mayflowers were found by her.

Raymond Bartlett and Joseph Holt attended the game of baseball at Bethel village Saturday, making the trip on their bicycles.

Mr. and Mrs. John Howe and family and Mrs. F. B. Howe attended Easter services at Bethel village.

Patriot's Day was observed by the

within us and the more we realize our responsibilities and obligations towards others the more hope there will be for the abolishment of war, of hate, of greed. Some will say O, it can't be done, but during all the centuries of mankind almost everything has been tried but nothing has succeeded in stamping out the evils of hate, immorality and selfishness. I plead with you that we might all try seriously to understand the fatherhood of God and to practice the spirit of the brotherhood of man.

Do we need the spirit of service in our lives, has this doctrine a specific value in our day. It seems to me that it does. In the world of materialism in which we live, where life has become a cutthroat game, and where speculation and competition, we need a revaluation of human life. Life will need to be interpreted in terms of service and self-sacrifice and then we will see the end of war some day, we will see the end of greed and graft and crookedness some day, we will see the end of selfishness and egotism some day, we will see dawning upon the distant horizon a new society where all men will live together in harmony and cooperation for the good of all and sake of all.

Lastly, will charity and mercy have any value to us? Of course it will, what we need is less criticism and more harmony. Reading this week a pamphlet of the teachings of Jesus written by a minister whom I know very well. I was rather struck by the constructive criticism of this honored, learned D. D. He has all that was beautiful and graceful and tender and really left nothing about Jesus and his life to be considered valuable and at the end of this lecture he made some vague casual remarks of the value of Jesus' teachings to our life. It reminded me much of the spirit of our time. We all have gotten into a habit of criticizing everything we see. We are willing to tear down, our criticisms are always destructive. If we must criticize let us do it constructively. If we must tear down let us be sure that we have the material at hand to rebuild. This D. D. tore to pieces all that is wonderful in our minds about Jesus but he gave us nothing in place, therefore he left a vacant space which needs to be filled somehow. A fool can break down but it takes genius to rebuild and build. What we need in our age is the genius of rebuilding what is being torn down by the spirit of materialism.

The teachings of Jesus might all be summed up in the following statement: "The spiritual interpreter of the meaning and destiny of life." I am sure that we all realize not only the important value this has to our present world but also the necessity of it in order to save our civilization from collapsing. If only a dozen people in each community would seriously attempt to do this we would immediately see the rapid improvement there would come to pass in all of our communities. If we all would give it a fair trial we would actually witness the Kingdom of God on earth of which Jesus spoke.

SONGO POND

Mrs. Florence Schott is spending a few days at L. J. Andrews.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Keniston were in South Paris Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gorman and baby, Miss Mildred Gorman, Mrs. Carrie Logan and daughter Hilda, and Mrs. Florence Schott were dinner guests at A. B. Kimball's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Abner Kimball and son, Albert, were in Berlin, N. H., Friday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Donahue were callers at L. J. Andrews one day last week.

Abner Kimball drove his sheep and 26 spring lambs to Pine Hill Monday.

Wallace Warren and wife were callers at L. N. Kimball's Monday evening.

Alfred Merrill and Margaret Clough were Sunday guests at E. O. Donahue's.

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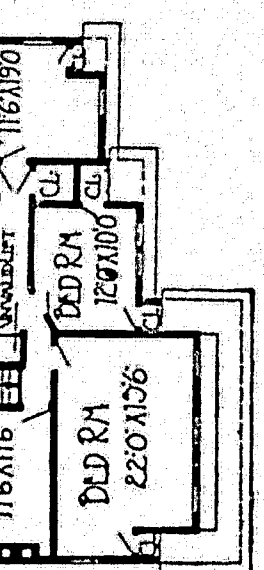
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Lake
and Contented

work which falls on the housewife. Too many saving conveniences piled in the farm home, amount of work to be considerable.

The sleeping quarters, plans call for four bedrooms and nursery in the far kitchen. The dumb-bumped to this room, so of illness the prepared carried direct to the addition to the dumb-an invalid lift in the bedrooms have good light-most of them having ex-sides. The corner bed-



nd Floor Plan.

22 by 13 feet 6 inches inches square, and can sewing room or library demands.

st without saying that distinctive farm home will insure a large fort and satisfaction to its wife and especially the girls and boys have in which to entertain. There is electric light, modern inventories and modern lighting plant in the home comfortable. If more homes like it on American farms, e, for they are not very would be less worry and less hue and cry the children on the nature is alike that it craves comfort, and attractive surround-basis of all honest

Way to Get
and Black on Iron

is, the ironwork should with a suitable primer. A suitable formula for 100 pounds of red lead 12 lb. (ground in oil) and seed oil.

ly coat has thoroughly coat of superfine lamp- with turpentine in small amount of var- added to form a good will be a flat black, to be used as gloss for addition of a suitable exterior spar varnish.

Secure Cold
From Several Pipes

of warm air heating and a combina- is involved in all heat- Air is drawn in and is into contact with the. In the heat ap- air is taken in, not pipes and heated en- through a num- around the heat cham- in which it is thor- l, resulting in small which are passed up ate heat ducts to the where the heat emer- molated from the reg- or floor.

FIJI, A WHITE MAN'S
LAND IN THE TROPICSMany Misconceptions About
Pacific Islands.

Washington.—A recent prophecy that the Fiji Islands will one day be the center of a British "Island Dominion" in the Pacific seems bizarre to the average reader chiefly because of misconceptions about Fiji, says a bulletin from the Washington (D. C.) headquarters of the National Geographic society.

"The Fiji are tiny South Sea islets. They are typical tropical islands, hot and unhealthy. The Fijians are savages. These are some of the many errors abroad in regard to the Fijians," continues the bulletin. "In reality the Fijians are the largest islands situated well out in the Pacific. Only New Caledonia, the Solomon Islands, and the Bismarcks, all relatively close to Australia and New Guinea, are larger. The total area of the Fijians is greater than that of the Hawaiian Islands; and Viti Levu, the main island of the Fiji group, is almost exactly the same size as Hawaii, the giant of the north-ern islands. Fiji is, in fact, often referred to as the Hawaii of the South."

"Although Fiji is well within the tropics, having a north latitude corresponding to the north latitude of Jamaica, it has an unexpectedly temperate climate. This is due chiefly to the considerable size of the islands, and their mountains which intercept the clouds and cool air currents and bring them to lower levels. Suva, the capital, situated on the largest island, has its tennis and cricket addicts who play in comfort. Most European residents dress lightly as elsewhere in the tropics, but the few who cling to tweed suits and felt hats, do so without inconvenience.

Mosquitoes but No Malaria.

"On the score of healthfulness Fiji lands particularly high. It is said to be the most healthful tropical land in the world. The rearing of children by Europeans, fraught with difficulties in most other tropical lands, causes no anxiety in Fiji. One surprise is the utter absence of malaria in the islands. Mosquitoes are present, but they do not transmit this and other diseases from which Europeans suffer in other tropical lands. Fiji is truly a 'white man's land'."

"When first well known to Europeans, in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, the Fijians were the most blood-thirsty and savage cannibals in all the South seas. Cannibalism was not only indulged in when enemies had been killed. These people actually slaughtered relatives and companions for meat. They quickly came under missionary influence, however, and the entire native population became Christianized."

"The natives are predominantly of Melanesian stock, that is, of the dark, groggy-haired type of islanders. There has been, however, an admixture of Polynesian blood (like that of the Hawaiians and Marqueseans) which has given the Fijian a better physique and a handsomer appearance than those of the full-blood Melanesians. The Fijians are particularly self-conscious; and although Europeans have been on the islands for a century, and although East Indians have made up a large part of the population for many years, there are practically no half-breeds.

"So large is the East Indian population that it was thought a few years ago that the islands would eventually become virtually a colony of India. There are now about 100,000 Indians, 60,000 Fijians and 4,500 Europeans in Fiji. During the past few decades sugar production has been Fiji's chief industry. The Fijians do not take kindly to plantation work, so thousands of East Indians were imported to work in the cane fields. They were brought in on the 'indenture' system, binding themselves to work for five years.

Only Fringe Developed.

"Most of the valleys and hills and mountains of Fiji are blanketed with luxuriant vegetation. As in Hawaii, however, the lee sides of the islands have fewer trees and are covered with grass. Only the fringe of the islands and the river valleys have been developed. Roads are few, transportation depending chiefly on boats and launches. A surprising feature of the Fijians, especially to those who have thought of them as small islands, are the many large, broad rivers. The Rewa river near Suva is navigable for 60 miles.

"Like most South Sea capitals, Suva is cosmopolitan. If one stands on the Victoria Parade of an afternoon the passing show speaks of many lands. There are the young Fijians in 'store' offices, their shocks of bleached hair hanging out from their heads. Next to them are Indian coolies and traders with their women. The latter are dressed colorfully and dangle with heavy necklaces, bracelets, and anklets. Scattered in the passing groups are people of other Pacific lands: Solomon Islanders, Samoans, New Caledonians. Conspicuous, of course, are Europeans, the men usually in cotton white. In passing automobiles are the women of the European colony.

"Fiji has the distinction of greeting a new day earlier than practically all other lands in the world. It lies at west of the international date line. Sunday is born there when it is still early Saturday morning in the United States and Saturday in Eng-

CUTS TELEGRAPH
LINE TO SAVE LIFETrapper Loses Right to Hunt
by Act.

Ottawa, Ont.—Old Benny, who has roamed the northern marshes of British Columbia for fifty years, settling his traps and tending his nets, will trap no more.

The remote and inaccessible deserts of the northern Rockies will never again echo and re-echo with the crack of his rifle.

Old Benny will not hunt or trap again because the Indian department will not permit him to tramp the forests alone. When the piercing north wind drove even the wild animals to shelter Old Benny, stricken with a sudden illness, came face to face with death. Without strength to reach his log cabin and with no human help within a hundred miles, he struggled, on until he came to a narrow ravine—Telegraph creek—and there he collapsed.

However, Old Benny was not yet through. Lying in the snow, he saw a thin strand of copper wire—the telegraph line maintained by the Canadian government between British Columbia and the Yukon. Summoning his remaining strength, he cut the wire in the hope that the federal government "trouble shooters" would find the break and come to him before he perished.

Last Christmas day the trouble party set out with a dog team. Christmas night they found the break and Old Benny. He was badly frozen and semiconscious, but was carried back to civilization and now has fully recovered.

The Indian department has ruled that Old Benny's trapping days are over. He must live on a reserve with in reach of medical attention and will be maintained out of government funds.

Dog Does Vanishing Act
When Census Time Comes

Biddeford, Maine.—Fidus Achates is a canine with a name, though he falls most lamentably to live up to it. The reason, perhaps, is that his family "wasn't much."

Fidus Achates—Fidus for short, but never Fido—came to the home of Police Chief Ernest H. Robbins looking like anything but a faithful companion. He was a little nobody from nowhere. Chief Robbins' daughter, then a high school girl deep in her Vergil, took him in and named him after the Fidus Achates, who was the loyal comrade of Aeneas.

But she might as well have called him plain Fido, for all the effect the name had on him. Every year, about the time the dog census is taken, Fidus Achates succumbs to his old wanderlust and is nowhere to be found. A general alarm has to be sent out, by the time he is returned the chief is a dollar ahead in taxes, though the Robbins family agrees that the financial gain is more than offset by the mental strain of their little mutt's disappearance.

Woman Fails to Shoot
Bandit; Aid Is Killed

San Diego, Calif.—Assigned to a man's job—that of shooting a holdup man after he had been lured into a death trap—Mrs. Reon Wright, a policewoman, failed to carry out her part as scheduled at the critical moment and Charles H. Harris, a policeman, her coworker, fell before the bandit's gun as a result.

The two officers "planted" themselves in a park to bag a holdup man who had been using that part of the city for his operations. It was agreed that Harris would throw up his hands and the woman would open fire. Mrs. Wright's story was that neither she nor her colleague had a fighting chance. Contrary to expectations, the holdup man approached from the rear of the car. He flashed a powerful light in her face and, glimpsing Harris, opened fire instantly. The blinding light prevented Mrs. Wright from seeing him. In spite of the turn of things, Harris managed to whip out his own gun and fire five shots in the direction of the blinding light. Then he died at the side of Mrs. Wright.

Traffic Suggestion
New York.—A boulevard on the
households is the latest suggestion to
relieve traffic. The project would
cost \$500,000,000.Etiquette Problem
London.—There's quite a discussion
as to whether men should tip their
hats to women in these emancipated
days.Cat Comes Back and
Saves Lives of Couple

Washington.—Widley, a large Angora cat, returned home after a week's absence and saved the lives of his master and mistress from a fire which destroyed their dwelling.

The cat, which had been given by its owners, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Baxter, to a friend, returned in the early morning hours, and, jumping through a first-floor bedroom window, clawed at their bed covering when the flames were sweeping through the house.

SALMON'S WEALTH
GREATER THAN GOLDFish Lead in Exports From
Far Alaska.

Ketchikan, Alaska.—From the island-dotted waterways of Alaska's thousands of miles of coast has come a wealth more precious, more vital even than gold. It is the wealth of the sea itself—of the teeming millions of salmon that have been taken from the bosom of the North Pacific and placed on the world's table.

Since Alaska was purchased from Russia, sixty years ago, salmon has led the list of exports from the territory, with \$610,759,038 to its credit—a figure which multiplies nearly eighty-five fold the price which Uncle Sam paid for the territory.

The romance of the Klondike has not dimmed in the hearts of the Alaskans, nor has the gold fever of the late nineties, which sent thousands into the territory, been forgotten anywhere in the United States. But, despite the mineral wealth of the territory, the salmon exports lead those of gold by \$250,000,000.

Best Source of Revenue.

With agricultural production practically negligible, it is not for the Alaskan to gain his wealth—or even to earn his daily bread—through tilling the soil or trekking about on a sort of hill and valley hieghra seeking "pay dirt." Rather it is his mission to don sou'wester and slicker, boots and gloves; to board his boat and to steer for the fishing banks.

Thousands of men, many of them native Alaskan Indians, are engaged in salmon fishing or canning and subsidiary industries. The number during 1925 was estimated at more than 25,000. The investment at that time was set at \$55,400,000.

Salmon fishing is permissible in several ways. Legislation, of course, prevents taking salmon from the mouths of streams when they migrate each season to spawn, and recently, under the regulations perfected by the bureau of fisheries, closed seasons have been in effect at the height of the summer season in order to allow more salmon to get to the spawning grounds. This measure is being taken to assure perpetuity of the supply.

The most common form of fishing is the traps. These are built by various individuals and corporations at points approved by the government. Through a series of wire meshes migrating salmon are caught by the thousand. Once and twice a day the traps are brailled (depending upon how the fish are "running") and the salmon taken to canneries in the vicinity. Another common form is trolling. Small boats manned by one or two men travel inside waters, allowing hooks and lines to drag behind. These are baited with "spoons" designed to represent her-ling.

Traps Largely Used.

The operations of the seine boats largely have been displaced by the traps. Natives, however, in the southeastern section still operate their boats. Larger crews are required for these boats, which throw out huge nets, the edges of which have cork floaters. When the ends are joined the net is hauled in and—if good fortune has played its hand—hundreds or even thousands of salmon are taken in one haul.

Ketchikan offers an interesting sight for the tourist. The canneries, some of them located near the steamer landings, operate night and day during the season. Most of the work is done by machinery.

Salmon fishing, however, is not confined to the southeastern part of the territory, but is more or less common all along the coast. Due to the nature of the country, however, southeastern Alaska is more adaptable both to the salmon and the agencies which seek to can them.

In addition to canning, mild curing and the packing of fresh fish offer employment to hundreds the year around. During 1925 the value of these products was set at \$1,751,393. The total number of salmon taken from Alaskan waters during 1925 was 70,477,000. In 1922 the number was only 72,370,400.

Military Barracks
Now Used as Hospitals

Stockholm, Sweden.—Transformation of Sweden's empty military barracks into modern hospitals, historical museums and insane asylums has been recommended by a committee appointed by the government.

The problem of what to do with the buildings arose from the army reduction decided on two years ago.

In Stockholm the collections of the state historical museum have long overcrowded the space hitherto available and the government antiquarian, Dr. Svanström, has found that the heavy artillery barracks can be reconstructed into display rooms.

In the provincial garrison towns use of the empty barracks as sanitariums or as regular hospitals is proposed and in Sala, Orebro, Vasteras and Jonkoping the committee favors the transformation of the barracks into institutions for the care of idiots, imbeciles and the insane.

Guards Poodle's Body

New York.—A white French poodle struck by an automobile in the Bronx was shot. Before the body could be removed from the street along came a mongrel. For 24 hours it stood guard.

Community
BuildingBadly Planned City
Starts With Handicap

A Dayton citizen, showing a visitor the charms of his town, hurried him past a peculiarly uninviting residence district near the outskirts of the city. "That," he said, "was intended by nature to be one of the beauty spots of the city. A promoter got hold of it who had no imagination. He laid out small lots and badly arranged streets and permitted a helter-skelter development. It is now forever a suburban 'slum.'"

The National Association of Real Estate Boards proposes to prevent such tragedies. It has studied the ways by which the most beautiful cities have protected themselves from unintelligently planned additions. It is proposed to put the extension of city growth under control of local planning commissions. Says the report of the committee making the recommendations which the association has adopted:

"No other problem in our complex city life is so fundamental as the subdivision of land, because it is the initial step in the structure of the occupied urban community. New traffic conditions and new modes of living require that a thorough study be made of planning the unbuilt areas in and adjoining our cities."

Individualistic America comes to that idea with difficulty. Are we not to be allowed to do as we please with our own land? Long ago the answer, in cases where that meant the maintenance of offenses to health and to the sense of smell, was a sustained "No." It looks now as if men were not always to be free to do as they please with their own even when that only does violence to their neighbors' eyes.

The creation of ugliness isn't yet a crime; but wait a thousand years.—Dayton (Ohio) News.

Nothing but Good in
Lavish Use of Paint

The use of paint is a wise economy. It helps to preserve houses. It is a good health aid also. It helps to keep houses clean, kills pests that sometimes scatter diseases, and will lengthen the life of timbers out of which we build our houses. There is a constant fight, on the part of insects of certain kinds, to tear our houses down. It is the fight for vegetation, a very beautiful struggle, from the standpoint of naturalists, but harmful from the standpoint of human economies. Paint will help to minimize the damage these pests do.

Then, too, there is the matter of beauty. Freshly painted houses are attractive. They suggest many things worth while. They make good impressions on strangers. If everybody will play a part in the cleanup and painting campaign, it will make a big difference in the general appearance of the city. With everybody working for a cleaner and a more attractive city the result will be just that, and nothing else.

Good Town Goes Ahead

This old city is coming back into its own. With the atmosphere permeated with optimism and the good work being carried on in various ways to build a bigger Florenceburg and Douglas county, lasting results are certain of attainment. You just can't hold a city back when its people are united, and it looks like the good people of this community are a unit for its advancement. With everyone broadcasting the good news development and growth are not in the far-distant future. Let's hit her up every day in the year—and for years to come. That's the spirit.—Roseburg (Ore.) News-Review.

Garden a Requisite

No building, however beautiful in itself, is complete without its setting. It is just as essential to have the grounds look a picture of comfort on the outside, as the home on the inside. Yet few people realize how much can be done with very little material and carefully studied arrangement.

Every home should have a lawn and a garden. In no other way may the individuality of the owner be so fully expressed as by a carefully planned setting. As the years go by house and garden will become in very truth a perfect home.

Two Prime Essentials

One of the sins of omission as well as commission surrounds your home appreciation of the community that gives you support. You no more think of letting a day pass without giving a good boost for your community than you would retire at night without saying your prayers. Both are essential to right living.—Huntsville Times.

Well-Built Homes Advised

Home builders are realizing more keenly every year that a house should be built with an eye to the future and that the well-built house, attractive in appearance and giving promise of a long life will not only make a more satisfactory home but will command a better price when placed on the market than one not so well constructed.

FACTS

about
used car allowances

MOST new car sales now involve the trading-in of a buyer's used car. More and more people are asking: "Why should my used car seem to have several values? . . . Why should dealers in different makes of cars offer me allowances differing materially? . . . Does the largest allowance offered mean the best deal for me?"

Here are basic facts:

- 1 Your used car has seemingly different values because competitive dealers are bidding to sell you a new car.
- 2 Your used car has only one fundamental basis of value: what the dealer who accepts it in trade can get for it in the used car market.
- 3 The largest trade-in allowance which is offered on your used car is not necessarily the best deal for you. Sometimes it is; but sometimes it is not.
- 4 An excessive allowance may mean that you are paying an excessive price for the new car in comparison with its real value.
- 5 Judge the merits of the new car in comparison with its price, including all delivery and finance charges. Then weigh any difference in allowance offered on your used car.

When you are ready to trade-in your present car, remember that after all you are making a purchase and not a sale. You are buying a new car and simply applying your present car as a credit toward the purchase price of the new car.

GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • OAKLAND
BUICK • LACALLE • CADILLAC
GMC TRUCKS • YELLOW CABS AND COACHES

FRIGIDAIRE—The Electric Refrigerator

Heroic Sleeping

Sir Norman Mac said:
"I like everything American except your sleeping porch. The American winter climate is a very cold one and to sleep out in the open with the thermometer at zero is a dangerous thing to do."
"And you mean to say that you sleep on this sleeping porch all winter long?" I said to a frail-looking lady in a western city.
"Yes, all winter long," said she.
"Isn't it frightfully cold?"
"Cold?" said the lady with a shiver. "Indeed it is cold. Why, when Doctor Gore took out my appendix last winter I was chilled."

The best way not to obtain praise is to ask for it.

"Friends Did Not Know Me"
Says Mrs. Souliere

After 11 years' illness, Burlington lady worn to shadow, weighed but 98 lbs. Now in excellent health, weighs 142. Strong, alert, nerves steady, she praises Tanlac

Mrs. Mary L. Souliere is the wife of Joseph Souliere, a carpenter and builder of 135 North Bend Street, Burlington, Vt. For 11 years she endured the pangs of indigestion. "There wasn't a worse case in the country," she said. "I used to have fainting spells and was often confined to bed for ten days at a time. I was pale, anemic and short of breath. Finally I grew so thin and weak my own sisters did not recognize me. No one expected me to live."

"As a final resort my husband brought home some Tanlac, because it had helped him so once before. The very first bottle helped me. As I continued to use it and grow stronger, I outgrew all my clothes. My weight went from 95 to 142 lbs., a gain of 47 lbs. My recovery was the talk of the town, and folks came from all the country around here to see if I was really alive and well. I told them all that Tanlac alone was responsible for my amazing recovery."

Is your health below par? Build up body resistance and sturdy health



with this natural tonic, made from herbs, roots and barks. Benefit from the experience of many thousands. Over a hundred thousand letters are on file from grateful folks whom Tanlac helped to rugged health and strength. Your druggist has Tanlac; get a trial bottle today. Over 52,000,000 bottles sold.

BALDNESS

MEN you have been looking for something that will grow HAIR on a BALD HEAD. Here it is in FORST'S Original

Bare-to-Hair

grows hair and will save what you have. It's a world's sensation.

W. H. FORST, Mfg.

Scottdale, Pa.

WANT COLUMN

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 25 cents; second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents.
Each word more than 25: One week, 2 cents and each additional week, 1 cent. Minimum charge, 25 cents.
Cash must accompany order.

FOR SALE

Hammer, ten coats, spring water (soft) piped into house; pressure water system for sink and bath; hot and cold water; stable and garage; poultry house; running water to stable and poultry house; shade and fruit trees; berries; five acres land; situated on eastern slope of Paradise Hill, 7 1/2 miles from village. Price \$2,500.
12 1/2 HAMILTON, Bethel, Maine.

REDAL DORGAS WHITE WYAN-DOTTEN Eggs and eggs from heavy laying strains. Eggs, 75 cents a setting; chicks, \$2.00 per hundred, delivered. **LORD'S FARM, No. Watford, 4-7-31p**

WANTED to correspond with some woman between the age of twenty and thirty. Object matrimony. I have a lovely modern home here in Bangor, also have an income of approximately ten thousand dollars a year. Please send photo, age and full details. Box 223, Bangor, Maine. 4-21-27p

PIANO TUNING—H. L. White will tune in Bethel early in May. Leave orders with P. J. Tyler or write to Western View St., Bangor, Me. 4-21-27p

WANTED—A sheep weighing 60 or 65 lbs. Maple Sun, Bethel, Maine. 4-21-27p

Are You Going to Build or Repair This Spring?

Let us figure on your requirements delivered for Sheathing, Matched Flooring, Novelty, Siding and Dimension Lumber.

Woods Horses for sale.
W. H. BROWN
NORTH WATERFORD, MAINE
Telephone 2-2 A 9-22

OFFICE HOURS
Tuesdays and Fridays
10 to 11:30 A. M. 2 to 4:30 P. M.
Home Calls and Other
Hours by Appointment.

HOWARD E. TYLER, D. O.
Palmer School Graduate
Neurologist Services
Chiropractic for Health
Residence Mrs. M. A. Gedwin

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
BY D. M. FORPES
BETHEL, MAINE

Entered as second class matter, May 2, 1914, at the post office at Bethel, Maine.
THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1927.

LOOKER'S MILLS

Mrs. Mary Jane Looker celebrated two tables at her home Wednesday afternoon in honor of her guest, Mrs. Harold Abbott of North Paris. Guests were Mrs. C. E. Brown, Mrs. Mae Partridge, Mrs. Frank Rugg, Mrs. James Rugg, Mrs. Donald Tinkler, and Mrs. Ralph King. Prizes were won by Mrs. James King and Mrs. James Rugg. Refreshments were served during the afternoon.

Mrs. Ralph King was hostess for two tables of which Thursday evening. These parties were Mrs. James King, Mrs. Donald Tinkler, Mrs. Harold Abbott, Mrs. Mary Jane Looker, Mrs. James Rugg, Mrs. Frank Rugg, Mrs. James Rugg, Mrs. Donald Tinkler, and Mrs. Ralph King. Prizes were won by Mrs. James King and Mrs. James Rugg. Refreshments were served during the afternoon.

The first meeting for the season of the Bethel Farmers' Union club was held with Mrs. Mary Jane Looker Thursday afternoon.

W. H. Bond was in Bethel Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Rugg of Paris had an evening gathering for a few days.

Mrs. Mary Jane Looker of West Paris was a guest of friends Wednesday.

Mrs. Mary Jane Looker and Mrs. James Rugg were guests of friends Wednesday.

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GOULD ACADEMY NOTES

An impressive Easter service was held under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. and the Girl Reserves at chapel exercises on Friday morning. The service was conducted by Fredrick Clark. John Bean gave a short talk on the meaning of Easter, concluding with a poem entitled "The Miracle." Carolyn Coulman read excerpts from Marie Corelli's description of the first Easter morning as found in the book "Barabbas." Two appropriate musical numbers, a song by a group of girls and another by a group of boys were effectively rendered.

The Girl Reserves held a business meeting on Tuesday afternoon when the following officers were elected for the coming year.

President, Maxine Clough
Vice-President, Margaret Carter
Secretary, Iva Bartlett
Treasurer, Janet Woods
Program Committee, Carolyn Coulman,
Alta Brooks, Gertrude French
Social Committee, Lenae Cummings,
Helen Carter, Rachel Deane
Service Committee, Alice Hamlin, In-
grid Smith, Leona Brown
Music Committee, Esther Caldwell,
Kathryn Ramsell, Dorothy Edwards
Membership Committee, Nellie Wills,
Betty Brown, Esther Holt
Publicity Committee, Betty Sawyer, Re-
becca Carter, Martha Kinney

On Friday, April 15, the debating teams journeyed to Lewiston where they participated in the semi-final and final debates of the Bates Intercollegiate Debating League. That evening Gould won a dual debate with Brownville High School by a decision of two to one in each case. Miss Eagle and Mr. Clark were voted best speakers in their respective debates. Four schools, Deering High School, Edward Little High School, Maine Central in Lewiston and Gould Academy, took part in the finals. Gould lost to Edward by a vote of two to one, and in Deering, three to nothing.

In view of the fact that this was Gould's first appearance in the league, she feels that she made a creditable showing. To have been one of seven teams out of fifty-four competing for the semi-finals and one of four to remain in the game for the finals reflects credit on the team and their coach, Mr. Colburn L. Ayer. The Gould teams were composed of Margaret Grover, Vivian Eagle, Ronald Keddy and Fredrick Clark.

MILL OWNERS MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF I.A.

Assets Dec. 31, 1926
Real Estate \$101,027.06
Mortgage Loans 299,783.67
Stocks and Bonds 756,109.09
Cash in Office and Bank 129,044.50
Agents' Balances 21,143.42
Interest and Rents 81,918.42
All other Assets 34,147.16
Gross Assets \$1,323,115.22
Reserve Items not admitted, 249,910.16
Admitted, \$1,073,205.06
Liabilities as Dec. 31, 1926
Net Unpaid Losses \$149,456.99
Premiums, 1,091,814.49
All other Liabilities 5,630.95
Reserve over all liabilities, 994,560.60
Total Liabilities and Reserves \$1,245,752.13

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

Newark, New Jersey
Assets, Dec. 31, 1926
Real Estate \$21,122,246.14
Mortgage Loans 7,546,158.97
Stocks and Bonds 631,706,664.61
Cash in Office and Bank 13,177,715.42
Agents' Balances 7,202.05
Interest and Rents 21,780,588.33
All other Assets 127,310,537.06
Gross Assets \$1,255,125,147.18
Reserve Items not admitted, 2,242,962.67
Admitted, \$1,252,882,184.51
LIABILITIES Dec. 31, 1926
Net Unpaid Losses \$11,030,406.79
Premiums, 1,091,814.49
All other Liabilities 1,402,984,144.22
Cash Capital 2,064,000.00
Reserve over all liabilities 69,337,662.02
Total Liabilities and Reserves \$1,252,882,184.51

PUBLIC AUTO

Day or Night Service
J. B. CHAPMAN GARAGE
Main St. Tel. 1974, Bethel

Tired and depressed

Impure blood, torpid liver, constipation, nervous depression, headache and dizziness, general weakness.

"L.F." Atwood's Medicine
Beverly, Mass. Sold by all druggists.

Made and Guaranteed by
L. F. MEDICINE CO., Portland, Maine

Import: Head, torpid liver, constipation, nervous depression, headache and dizziness, general weakness.

"L.F." Atwood's Medicine
Beverly, Mass. Sold by all druggists.

Made and Guaranteed by
L. F. MEDICINE CO., Portland, Maine

SKILLINGTON

Albert Planders has purchased a Chrysler car.
John Robinson has resigned his work at the Skillington mill to take a position as chauffeur.
Jesse Vanhar is filling the position that was left by Julius Robinson.
Mrs. Luxton of West Bethel spent Monday evening with her daughter, Mrs. Archie Young.
Elias Robinson went to Portland Sunday.
Edna Young attended Wilma Bean's birthday party Monday afternoon.

ANDOVER

At the special town meeting held in the hall Saturday, John P. Talbot was chosen moderator and the sum of \$800 was voted for the common schools and \$300 for repairs on schoolhouses. Members of the school board were elected as follows: Mrs. Sylvanus Poor for 1 year, Mrs. Alice B. Thurston for 2 years, Charles L. Blyden for 3 years. Voted to lay out some money on the road near Charles Cushman's.

NOTICE OF LOST BANK BOOK

Notice is hereby given that the Bethel Savings Bank has been notified that book of deposit issued by said bank to Alta Cummings (bird and numbered 658 has been destroyed or lost and that she desires to have a new book of deposit issued to her.

BETHEL SAVINGS BANK,
By A. E. Herrick, Treasurer,
Bethel, Maine.

121-31

On April 1, there were 1,529 boys and girls club members enrolled in the state or 18 more than last year on a similar date. Twin county stands first with 224, Kennebec second with 182, Cumberland third with 153 closely followed by Hancock with 151.

With the coming again of the hot making women may be interested in securing a copy of the Extension Service publication "Hot Making in the Home." It may be secured without charge from the College of Agriculture, Oregon, or from the local home demonstration agents. Just ask for bulletin 152.

MAINE WEEKLY INDUSTRIAL REVIEW

Farmington: New snowplow to be purchased for this town.
Norway: New high school to be erected in Norway.

Branswick: \$25,000 appropriated for highway work in this section during 1927.

Branswick: New fire hydrant to be installed corner Thompson and Spring streets.

Hebron: New building to be erected at Hebron Academy, replacing State vacated Home recently destroyed by fire.

Paris: Plans discussed for constructing new roads in Lafayette Park.

Bangor: New McCall fire truck costing \$6,000 purchased for fire department.

Bangor: Consolidated Heating Company to establish branch plant here.

Lewiston: Site for new post office chosen on Main Street between Park and Spring streets.

Port Kent: Plans discussed for erection of international bridge between Port Kent and Chate, N. B.

Barkham: Academy building now used by High and Grammar Schools to be enlarged.

Calais: Maine Central Railroad considering new coal pit near here.

Blackland: Interior of Senter Crane Company store being remodelled.

Augusta: Plans making for establishment of airplane forest patrol in Maine during coming summer.

Bangor: New Y. W. C. A. building proposed for construction in this city soon.

Ellsworth: New England Telephone & Telegraph Company to expend \$11,603 for rebuilding toll line between North Ellsworth and Ellsworth.

Lubec: Improvements being made to Eagle Theatre in this town.

Falmouth: New fire house to be built in this town soon.

Bowdoin Harbor: Central Maine Power Company reduces lighting rates in several towns in this section.

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Lubec: Improvements being made to Eagle Theatre in this town.

Falmouth: New fire house to be built in this town soon.

Bowdoin Harbor: Central Maine Power Company reduces lighting rates in several towns in this section.

Portland: New 15-story store and theatre building to be erected at High and Congress Streets.

Thomaston: New Wadsworth Street bridge completed.

Brownville: Repairs to be made to schoolhouse here.

Lewiston: Central Maine Power Company's new hydroelectric station in this district completed.

MAINE STATE HIGHWAY COMMISSION

Notice is hereby given that sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Maine State Highway Commission, Augusta, Maine, until ten o'clock A. M., Thursday, May 5, 1927, for the construction of the following bridge structures, viz:

Mill Bridge over Pashaw Stream in the town of Alton, Penobscot County, Maine. Estimate 227 cu. yds. concrete and stone masonry.

Wight Brook Bridge over Wight Brook in the town of Gilead, Oxford County, Maine. Estimate 107 cu. yds. concrete.

Millinocket Bridge over Millinocket Stream in the town of Millinocket, Penobscot County, Maine. Estimate 563 cu. yds. concrete.

Austin Bridge over Norson Brook in the town of Shapleigh, York County, Maine. Estimate 147 cu. yds. concrete.

Village Bridge over Trunk Stream in the town of Steuben, Washington County, Maine. Estimate 315 cu. yds. concrete.

Whitten Stream Bridge over Whitten Stream between the town of Steuben, Washington County and township No. 7, S. D. Hancock County, Maine. Estimate 150 cu. yds. concrete.

A fixed charge of fifteen dollars (\$15.00) will be made for the plans and specifications for each bridge, fourteen dollars (\$14.00) of which is returnable if plans and specifications are returned in good condition to the Commission not later than thirty days after the date set for the opening of bids.

Each proposal must be made upon the blank form provided by the Commission and must be accompanied by a certified check or proposal bond in favor of the treasurer of the State of Maine, in the amount of ten per cent (10%) of the proposal as a guarantee that the bidder will contract for the work if it is awarded to him.

Each proposal shall be in a separate envelope, sealed and plainly marked "Proposal for the construction of a bridge over _____ in the town of _____ State of Maine."

The successful bidder will be required to furnish a surety company bond in the amount of fifty per cent (50%) of the contract price. Proposal forms, plans and specifications may be secured upon application to the Commission.

The right is reserved to reject any or all proposals.

CHARLES H. INNES, Chairman
CHARLES H. MERRAY,
EDWIN T. CLIFFORD,
State Highway Commission
Paul H. Nargent, Chief Engineer
Augusta, Maine, April 20, 1927.

Unemployment is negligible in our

country, and elimination of seasonal slumps in certain industries is making great progress. Highly perfected machinery enables our workmen to do more work in a shorter time than can workmen in any other country in the world.

Sixty-six per cent of the railroads in the United States now transmit train orders by telephone.

O. K. Clifford Co., Inc.
South Paris, Maine
Tel. 307-4

Dealers in

Dodge Bros. Cars
Graham Bros. Trucks

We also have dependable used cars and trucks, and some used cars and trucks that are not so dependable.

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A Spark in the Upholstery

PARKED car...careless passer-by...discarded cigarette...blazing upholstery...car destroyed.

You cannot avoid all the fire dangers to which your car is exposed—but you can insure!

Get an Aetna Combination Automobile Policy TODAY!

WALTER E. BARTLETT
Representative
BETHEL, MAINE

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